

An ANSWER to the  
**Bonny S C O T;**  
 The Sorrowfull Complaint of the Yielding LASS.

In Care and Grief, without Relief,  
 this yielding Lass was left,  
 To the Tune of *The Spinning-wheel.*

In this Distress and Heaviness  
 she was of hopes bereft.  
 This may be Printed, P. P.



**B**Ehold, I pray, what's come to pass,  
 when twenty Weeks was come and gone,  
 This bonny youthfull yielding Lass  
 did sigh and bitterly take on,  
 Saying, my Grief I may reveal,  
 Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

Alas! Honey words, both soft and sweet,  
 alas! he has deluded me,  
 My Heart within my Breast does beat  
 as for my wofull Destiny:  
 My Virgin-Treasure he did steal,  
 Too soon I left my Spinning-Wheel.

Each Complement I did believe,  
 so Serpent-like he did beguile,  
 That had there been a second Eve  
 he hardly could have said him nay:  
 The sad effects of this I feel,  
 Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

He utter'd not one word of Truth,  
 but with delusions led me on,  
 And cropt the Rose-bud of my Youth,  
 so that my splendid Glory's gone:  
 My wounded Heart no one can heal,  
 Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

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I Am a Damsel now desil'd,  
and am expos'd to open shame,  
For here I find my self with Child,  
and have no Father for the same :  
My very Tears do's Grief reveal,  
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

For my young Scot sad moan I make,  
whose Beauty did my labour win ;  
I find him like a painted Snake,  
that's fair without and false within :  
His cruel sting I yet do feel,  
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

He came with a most noble Grace,  
so sweet, so charming, fair and trim,  
That I no sooner saw his Face,  
but straight I did consent to him :  
Such flames of Love I then did feel,  
Which made me leave my Spinning-Wheel.

My Love no favour will allow,  
he's gone and yields me no relief ;  
For that small dross of Pleasure, now  
I feel a hundred weight of Grief :  
My Sorrows I cannot reveal,  
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

Some Gallants most deceitfull are,  
as by Experience I may say,  
They'll call a Damsel charming Fair,  
untill their Hearts they do betray :  
In grief I may this truth reveal,  
Too soon I left my Spinning-wheel.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball  
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